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SEAL COVE
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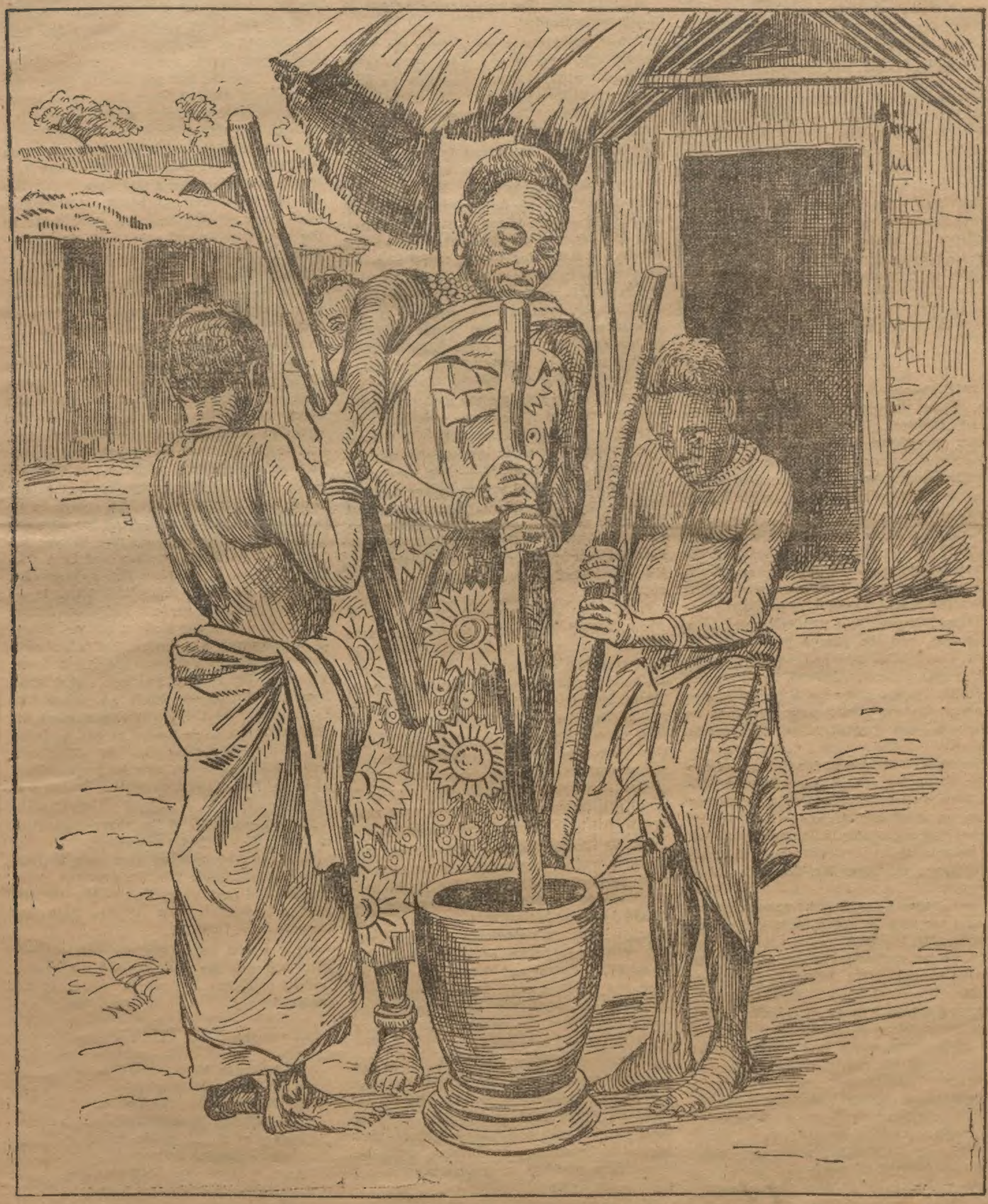


BIBI KALULU POUNDING CORN.—'L. M. I. Chron'c'e.'

Central African Women.

The 'Chronicle,' of the London Missionary Society, gives a portrait of Kalulu's wife, with her baby on her back, pounding corn with two other women. It may be remembered that Kalulu was the first Tanganyika convert, and is now a successful worker in the mission field. He was a poor little slave boy in Uguha, and was ransomed by the Rev. D. P. Jones, who made him his servant. Kalulu was very fond of his master, who tried to teach the lad about God's love, but apparently without much success. After a time Kalulu was sent to Urambo, to Mr. Brooks, and while there learnt the use of tools, and also to read.

Some time later he went to live with Mr. Carson, at Niamkolo, and little by little the seeds sown by his English friends began to come up, and he became a true follower of Jesus Christ. Kalulu may be said to be a link between three Central Africa stations; for each in turn was able to help and influence him. For some years he has been a teacher in the day-school in Niamkolo, and when Mr. Hemans left Fwambo on furlough, Kalulu was removed there. He has charge of the four day-schools, with an average attendance of 231 boys and 190 girls, and is devoting himself with much assiduity and success to this work.

Words Fitly Spoken.

A True Story.

Carlyle has said, 'A word spoken in season, at the right moment, is the matter of ages.' Richter, 'Do not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good; try to use ordinary situations.' And the following episode, told me by a clergyman who proved wise enough to seize opportunity, is strong proof.

During the early days of February, 1884, the Rev. Samuel Murdoch was holding religious services in an old school-house in the village of Cochecton, Sullivan County, New York. The school house was pleasantly located among pine and hemlock trees on a rocky hill, and the village people, though often weary with toil and work, would nightly gather there. Indeed, the little district school house showed a large attendance of many anxious souls; some evenings as many as ten would arise for special prayers.

The school had been under the care of one of the Cochecton young ladies, but the winter term was in charge of a gentleman whom we shall call Mr. H——, and as this teacher was a stranger in the neighborhood, and because of the services to be held in his schoolhouse, the Rev. Mr. Murdoch called upon him.

It was a snowy day, but the earnest minister does not wait for green fields and cheery sunshine. Mr. Murdoch told me that he was delighted on reaching the schoolhouse to find the teacher alone. School was dismissed and Mr. H—— had not yet gone home. The minister's genial, kind heart led him to talk about many things of interest to Mr. H——, and particularly of all that related to the instruction of his pupils, of his family, of whom there was his wife and child, a little boy not much beyond babyhood, and Mr. Murdoch extended to the new teacher a warm welcome and hospitality on behalf of the villagers. Later the clergyman spoke of church, and of the meetings to be held in the schoolhouse, in the very room in which they were conversing, and then, perhaps abruptly, but the minister meant no offence, he only acted on the advice of St. Paul to Timothy, 'I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season'—the clergyman was impelled to inquire, 'Are you a Christian?'

The reply was, 'I am not,' and then pressing the thought, Mr. Murdoch continued by speaking of the influence every teacher has over his pupils, an influence for good or for evil, and quoted the words of Christ, 'He that is not with me is against me.' Then looking Mr. H—— steadily in the eye, he added, 'If I am not mistaken in your face, you don't wish to spend your life fighting Christ.'

At once came the manly reply, 'I do not, most emphatically.'

Before the minister parted from the teacher that afternoon he urged Mr. H—— to attend the extra meetings, and this he half-heartedly promised to do. But what a glad surprise awaited Mr. Murdoch. Not only was Mr. H—— at the first meeting, but when the opportunity was given for all desiring special prayer to arise, he saw Mr. H—— the very first on his feet. He acted as if he could not get up fast enough, and then, as if Mr. H——was a leader, nine other anxious ones arose also. Once the teacher had taken his stand for Christ there was no turning back, and so earnest was he that the very next morning he opened his school with prayer, thus at once exerting his influence over the youthful minds intrusted to his care, and after this whips were no longer necessary to discipline; love ruled, not fear. Nor did Mr. H——'s influence stop with his pupils, for the night following the one on which he had witnessed for Christ, his wife accompanied him to the old schoolhouse, and when opportunity was offered, she arose as Mr. H—— had previously done, and thus asked prayer on her own behalf. And from this hour both husband and wife seemed equally desirous to lead Christlike lives, the very atmostphere of heaven seemed in their home, the Spirit of the Good Shepherd seemed to dictate all their actions.

It was the singing month, the month of April, before these two earnest believers had the privilege of uniting with the church, and when the question was put at the examination following the preparatory lecture, 'What led you to this decision?' Mr. H—— replied by referring to the call made on him that snowy February day, and the words then quoted by the faithful pastor, 'He that is not with me is against me,' and with a solemn shake of his head he added: 'I could never get away from those words, they rang in my ears until I decided for Christ.'

Shortly afterwards their little George was baptized, and so tiny was he, being scarcely three years of age, that in order for the congregation to see him baptized, he stood on a stool between his parents. Such an impressive sight, such a solemn sacrament will not soon be forgotten by those thoughtful villagers. Every one knew the teacher, even the smallest child in the church was interested in what was being done, and every one knew the change which a few short months had wrought.

The baptism was in June, and it was not long afterwards when the school was dismissed for the summer vacation, Mr. H—— bade his pupils good bye, as also many of their parents and other good friends, promising to return in the autumn, when he hoped they would be of mutual service and help to one another.

Mr. and Mrs. H—— with their son then started for their old home, expecting to have the pleasant recreation they so much needed, visit their parents, who were both living, as well as to enjoy the free health-giving air and rest, so necessary for all. But how rapid and how sad was the change. An epidemic had broken out in that section, and even before Mrs. H—— reached home her dear brother, with whom she was anticipating such a happy holiday, suddenly died. Before the brother was buried her mother was prostrate with the same disease, and Mrs. H——, though untiring in her efforts to restore her mother to health, had to give her up also. By the time her mother died, Mrs. H—— was smitten herself, and her mother's body had to be carried through her room on the way to the burial.

Such sorrow and anguish as this afflicted sister and daughter endured, cannot be described; her heart seemed broken, and only the thought of the joyful resurrection morning helped her to endure those agonizing hours. But she had not long to grieve, for a few short days and Mrs. H—— was where 'there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,' and before she went away her heart was comforted by receiving a promise from her father to live a different life. Her time to win souls for Christ had been short, but she had done what she could. 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever,' and Mrs. H—— was to wear no starless diadem.

George now went to live with his grandfather H——, and his father went also. But what was Mr. ——'s horror to learn that his little son had imbibed the fatal disease. It soon did its work. A few hours and Mr. Murdoch was called to officiate at the burial of the tiny child, the one that he so short a time ago had baptized. As the grave was being filled, his mother's father, the one who had promised to lead a different life, said to Mr. Murdoch in broken English, for he was a German, pointing to George's grave, 'Oh, dat leetle poy, he was at my house one day to tinner, he comes to de table, he no eat, and asks some one who sits aside to ask blessing; dat one shook his head, and he asked another and then another. When he couldn't find anyone else, he asked blessing himself.' Thus in so brief a period his parents had trained him.

But the end of our story is not yet. Shortly after George was buried, his father sickened and died with the same fatal pestilence. When he lay ill Mr. Murdoch called upon him, but Mr. H—— would not allow him to remain. As the clergyman entered his sick room Mr. H—— looked up and exclaimed, 'This is no place for you. You cannot stay here, you can pray for me at home,' and finally Mr. Murdoch yielded to his persuasion.

Mr. H—— and all of the above died within twenty-two days of each other.

How full and running over with thanksgiving must be this minister's heart. How providential that he walked to the old district schoolhouse, even if his walk lay through snow and ice.

What would have been the consequence, if in that call the minister had not proved faithful!—Emma J. Cray, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Only beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go;
Little feet, how they patter,
Wandering to and fro!
Father of all, oh, guide them,
The pattering little feet,
As they tread the uphill pathway,
Braving the dust and heat!
Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in pathways blest;
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour, oh, give them rest.

—'Lesson Leaflet.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Ethel's Temptation.

(By Ida Newell Austin.)

Three girls of the sixth grade tripped merrily down the steps of the High School. Still engaged in animated conversation, they paused a moment at the street entrance.

'I wish you were going my way,' said Ethel More, taking a few steps backward and away from her companions.

'Come with Lula and me as far as Cedar street. It'll not be much out of the way,' coaxed Belle Carver, the judge's daughter.

'Oh, do!' exclaimed Lula, taking Ethel's arm. 'We want to talk about the school fair.'

Ethel knew that her mother needed her assistance, and had told her to come directly home at the close of school; but silencing her accusing conscience by a promise to run from the corner of Cedar street and thus reach home at nearly the usual time, she walked up the street with the girls. There was to be a fair held by the pupils of the sixth grade, and at this particular time it was the all-important theme of discussion.

'There go the members of the "Mystic Three,"' laughed Edna Weir. 'They are always inseparable. Do you ever have Ethel at home, Ruth?'

Ruth More stepped to the open window of the hall and saw her sister walk up the street with her two friends. 'Ethel ought to go home directly,' she remarked pleasantly and hurried away. When she reached the street, the girls were out of sight. Ruth More was a sweet-tempered, bright girl of sixteen. Three months before she had joined the Christian Endeavor Society. Under its pure, warming influence her life was daily expanding into a noble, beautiful womanhood.

Mrs. More, a widow, whose cares rested heavily upon her, felt a restful lifting of her burdens when Ruth's sweet face appeared.

'Where is Ethel?' she inquired as Ruth, with kitchen apron about her, stood in the sewing-room door.

Before Ruth had time to reply, Ethel rushed in the doorway, flushed and breathless. Throwing her satchel of books on the hall table, she entered the sewing room tumultuously. 'Oh, mamma, please give me a dollar! I want to get the ribbon for my dress. I'm to have the art table at the fair. Miss Hall told me to-day. Belle Carver says there is wide ribbon at Tracy's—a perfect match for my dress. It's fifty cents a yard. Just two yards, mamma!' she pleaded.

'OH, MAMMA, PLEASE GIVE ME A DOLLAR!'

Mrs. More laid her hand on the young girl's shoulder with a caressing gesture. 'My dear child, I have no money to spare for the ribbon to-night. But you shall have it before the fair—nearly a week yet, you know.

'But, mamma, it'll be gone by that time;' and she clasped her hands about her mother's arm and looked eagerly into the kind, loving face.

Mrs. More shook her head and turned wearily to the cutting table to resume her interrupted task. 'Go into the kitchen, dear, and help Ruthie get supper.'

Mrs. More sighed deeply as she bent over her work. She toiled early and late to maintain daily expenses and keep her girls in school. Ethel was a warm-hearted, impulsive girl of fourteen. Of late she had formed acquaintance with girls of her own age, who came from homes of wealth and luxury. The influence of their close companionship had caused to spring up in Ethel's heart a spirit of selfish discontent, manifested chiefly at home. Mrs. More was painfully aware of the change in her daughter, and also of the five and often ten minutes of tardiness after school hours.

Ruth watched her sister, as with dejected countenance and listless manner she proceeded to set the table for supper.

'Are you disappointed about the ribbon?'

'Yes, I am! I can't have anything as the other girls do. It is "wait," "wait," all the time;' and Ethel brushed away the tears that would come.

Ruth did not appear to notice the tears, but went on toasting the bread and making tea for supper.

'Mamma has to work very hard, Ethel, and we are old enough to help her—by being thoughtful, I mean, and considerate. She can't get everything we desire. Belle and Lula are situated far differently. They have parents, not only willing, but able to gratify them in little matters like this.'

Ethel's mood had changed, and she looked very indifferent and unconcerned at Ruth's 'moral lecture,' as she called it. Ruth set the plate of buttered toast on the table and glanced at her sister, pained to see the expression of contempt, and said pleasantly, 'Endeavor meeting to-night, Ethel.' Mrs. More entered just then, and noticed Ruth's anxious look and the impatient curve of Ethel's lips. In fact her sweet face was often marred, and not a few hateful little creases were forming at the corners of her mouth.

After supper Ethel was requested to do an errand for her mother.

'The silk and dress lining will cost a dollar, and I want a yard of cloth like the sample. You'll receive three dollars in change,' said Mrs. More, handing Ethel a five-dollar gold piece.

Ethel looked bright and pretty in her neat school suit and sailor hat, her hair brushed loosely back, and her face tinted with the glow of health. Mrs. More watched her from the window and breathed a silent prayer that the quick, strong impulses of her daughter's nature might be purified and controlled by Christian principles.

Halfway down the street Ethel met Lula Foster. 'Oh, Ethel! she exclaimed, 'if you haven't your ribbon, you must get it to-night, for others are intending to get off the same piece, and there'll not be any to match your dress if that's all gone. I'd go back with you,' she continued, 'but mamma's waiting. It'll take three yards. I told you two to-day.'

'All right, I must get it soon,' said Ethel, hastening on with heightened color. Not for the world would she have Lula know that the purchase of a bit of ribbon required consideration and not a little sacrifice at her home.

She left the bill of goods at Holden's, saying, 'I'll call in a few minutes.' She wanted to see the display at Tracy's. All the girls had been talking of it that day. Oh, how beautiful! She paused by the open door and feasted her eyes upon the rich, creamy laces and festoons of ribbons.

Yes, there was the ribbon, 'her' ribbon, the ribbon she must have—baby blue with a sea-shell tint in its changeable loveliness. 'A perfect match for my dress,' she repeated as she retraced her steps. Mr. Holden had gone, but his young son handed her the

parcel, and she waited for the change, holding out her gloved hand to receive the silver: one, two, three—'Why, he has given me four dollars!' she thought as she stepped into the street. She turned back, but the boy had retreated to the farther end of the store; and just then a strong temptation took possession of her. No, no! she could never do that. 'But the money's yours,' whispered the tempter, 'Get the ribbon now. I'll give this back sometime when I have money. I'll not always keep it. I am not to blame for the mistake.'

She was at the store now. A clerk was smiling and drawing the shining ribbon along the edge of the counter. 'How many yards? You'll want three. All the other young ladies have bought three.'

Ethel's dry lips refused to articulate. Her heart was beating wildly and her cheeks were stained with a burning blush. The shears were in place, when Ethel put out her hand—'I'll not take it to-night.' Too late! He had severed the three yards and explained to her that he could not cancel the bargain.

Curious eyes, drawn by the conversation, were fastened upon her, and she said in a low tone, 'I have but one dollar to-night. Will you wait a few days for the other half-dollar?' He would see.

He passed to the desk, and Ethel, the most miserable of girls, stood staring vacantly at the corner, while her guilty conscience sought in vain for an excuse.

'You're Mrs. More's daughter, are you not?' asked the clerk coming to her side.

'Yes,' she faltered.

'Well, we'll wait for you a few days. We don't do business that way, but we'll make an exception this time.'

Ethel never knew how she reached home, but delivering the parcel and three dollars into her mother's hand, she sought her own room. Opening the tiny package, she spread the ribbon out before her. It had lost its beauty.

With a choking suffocation in her throat she thrust it out of sight.

When Ruth entered the room an hour later, she did not disturb the quiet sleeper as she softly kissed the little tear-stained face and prepared to attend the Endeavor meeting alone.

The two days that followed, though bright and sunny, were dark and dreary to Ethel. At home, at school, or on the street she was wretched. The rustling of the leaves seemed to be whispering her story in the ears of the passer-by. The words of mother and sister fell like coals of fire, burning her stricken conscience through.

Every ribbon she hated, for it reminded her of another whose silken folds were chains of sin dragging her down, down away from innocence and happiness. Belle and Lula she studiously avoided, because their conversation was wholly on the coming event; and Ethel felt as if she never wanted to hear of another fair. All the girls voted her dull, and she was very glad when Miss Hall touched the retiring bell at the close of her second dark day.

Rushing to the dressing room, she snatched her hat and nearly ran over her teacher, who intercepted her at the stairway. 'Are you ill to-day?'

The tone, so tender and kind, touched her guilty heart and she burst into tears. Miss Hall restrained her with a gentle hand. 'If you're in trouble, dear, tell your mother all about it,' she whispered in Ethel's ear.

Long before Ruth reached home, Ethel had sobbed out the whole story with her head on her mother's shoulder. Mrs. More clasped her erring daughter close to her heart and whispered words of forgiveness and counsel for the future.

'Oh, mamma! I have suffered so much! I don't want to wear my new dress to the fair. It is so hateful to me now. And I know I can never wear any ribbon again.'

Mrs. More prayed silently, and Ethel's sobs grew less, when she lifted her swollen, tear-stained face and said earnestly, 'The load isn't all lifted yet. I have wronged so many beside myself.'

Mrs. More opened her purse, taking from it a silver dollar and a half-dollar, placed them in Ethel's hand. 'You know what to do, dear,' she said. 'It's you that has to suffer now.'

'Mamma, you need this money; I know you do. I ought to work hard to earn it.'

'I'm glad you feel that way about it, my child. You can earn it by taking your share of the work in the kitchen after school hours. That will save Ruth a little, as she is working too hard.'

'Oh! thank you, mamma; I feel better already. I have been thoughtless. Ruth hasn't had time to keep up her music lessons, and she is anxious to learn.'

A few minutes later Ethel walked into Holden's store, and, laying the dollar on the counter, said simply, 'A few days ago your little boy, in making change, gave me a dollar too much.' She hurried out to escape any words of commendation which she did not deserve.

Paying the bill at Tracy's, she hastened home.

The two sisters attended the Endeavor meeting that evening. It was a joyful time for Ethel, nothing like former gatherings, when she half reluctantly took her place among earnest workers, but grand and sweet with words of helpfulness and songs of praise, to which her own heart echoed a glad refrain.

The day of the school fair dawned beautiful and bright. Evergreens, flowers and ferns decorated the walls of Miss Hall's room. The table at which the girls were to preside were appropriately draped and ornamented. The exhibits, in whatever line, were products of the pupils' efforts. These were to be sold and the proceeds used toward the purchase of an organ for the sixth grade. Miss Hall looked about her, an encouraging smile on her lips as the girls in bright ribbons and pretty dresses flitted to and fro like so many butterflies.

By the side of the art table stood Ethel, arrayed in simple white, a fall of lace at the neck. Instead of ribbons, a cluster of chrysanthemums and geranium leaves—most fitting to the bright young face.

'Doesn't Ethel More look sweet?' exclaimed Edna Weir to Belle Carver. 'Has the "Mystic Three" disbanded?' she asked; 'I don't see you together so much.'

'No, it hasn't,' said Ethel, joining them in time to hear the remarks. 'It wasn't convenient for me to dress as I intended,' she continued, 'but there's the bell.' The flutter of drapery and murmur of voices ceased. Miss Hall gave a short talk, explaining in detail the duties of the exhibitors. The doors were then opened to the admission of visitors. The fair proved to be a financial success. That evening Ethel and Ruth attended Endeavor meeting. During the opening service of song, Ethel's eyes sought the door often and anxiously. Yes, there they were at last, Belle and Lula with an embarrassed air which quickly fled in the homelike atmosphere to which they had been introduced.

Nor was this their last attendance. Their friendship with Ethel, the warm interest manifested by the members, the songs and heart-to-heart talks, the knowledge of prayers offered in their behalf—all served to form a chain of influence that, tenderly entwining their young lives, drew them into the kingdom.—'Wellspring.'

Not Afraid.

An answer to the question, 'Are you not afraid to die?'

'Am I afraid to die,' my dear?
  Why should I be afraid?
My Saviour-Lord has died for me,
  And all my debt has paid.

I'm not afraid to die, my dear;
  For, when my flesh doth fail,
And thought of all that draweth near,
  May cause my heart to quail,

The Lord himself will then appear,
  And to my soul will speak
The words of peace I often hear
  When I that refuge seek.

I'm not afraid to die, my dear!
  For when death calls for me,
'Twill be his voice that I shall hear,—
  'My child, I come for thee!'

I'm not afraid to die, my dear,
  For all that darksome flood
Will gleam most bright with lovely light
  From out the throne of God.

I'm not afraid to die—for why?
  The Lord my Surety is;
His hands outstretched will draw me nigh,
  And through the gates of bliss.

Oh! I should fear to die, my dear,
  Did I not know for sure
That he has conquered sin and death,
  And made my place secure.

And at the gate of heaven he stands:
  My passport what beside
The wound prints in his pierced hands
  And in his holy side?

Then by the holy riven side
  Of Jesus Christ, my King,
My soul will evermore abide,
  The praise of God to sing.

Wilt thou not trust this Lord of mine,
  Who also died for thee,
Who loves thee with a love divine,
  Far deeper than the sea?

And he will guide thy soul through all,
  Safe to the home above,
Then at his feet thou, too, shalt fall
  And praise the God of love.

—Grace Filder, in 'The Christian.'

Not Knowing.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
  Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
  Half smiling, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
  Not wholly reassured and comforted
  By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
  Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go,
  Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
  How far the unknown transcends that we know.

—Longfellow.

How the Stove Went Out.

(By Mary E. Bamford.)

'How many have you peeled, Archie?' asked Clyde.

'Five.'

'I've beaten you, then, so far! I've peeled six.'

The two boys were sitting on the roadside. Each had a little pile of round objects as large as quite small potatoes. Those that had not been stripped showed that they each possessed a brown coat made of hair, somewhat resembling the hairy envelope of a cocoanut. The round objects were the bulbs of the California 'soap-root,' a white-blossoming plant that has a bulb which has been used by Indians and Spanish as soap, and which will produce 'soap-suds' when rubbed sufficiently in water. Archie and Clyde were not more noted than some other boys for fondness for ordinary soap, but this idea of digging 'soap' out of the ground was something new to them, and often when in afternoons the soap-root blossoms opened, the boys spied them and dug down for the bulbs. Somehow it was more fun to wash one's hands for supper by using a 'skinned' soap-root bulb than it was to use grocer's soap.

'There comes Lim Wo,' said Archie, looking up from his soap-root bulbs.

Lim Wo was the Chinaman that worked in an American family living on the same block with Archie and Clyde.

'Lim Wo's learning to read,' laughed Archie. 'He goes to night school. Let's ask him how much he's learned.'

Lim Wo was a very good-natured Chinaman. He smiled when he saw the boys.

'Hallo!' they said.

'Ho'lah!' said Lim Wo.

'You read book very good now?' asked Clyde.

Lim Wo looked rather downcast.

'Lead (read) some,' he said. 'Bimeby lead better, Tly velly hard.'

Lim Wo went soberly on. Learning to read was very hard for him. Often when he tried to learn, everything seemed so difficult that Lim Wo thought of that Chinese proverb for impossible undertakings, 'To feel after a pin on the bottom of the ocean.' But Lim Wo was endowed with perseverance, and he remembered also that other Chinese proverb about industry's overcoming obstacles, 'If one has a mind to beat the stone, the stone will have a hole in it.' So Lim Wo kept studying. He aimed to learn English enough so that he could be in the English bible-class in the night mission school. Lim Wo's dark mind was groping after the Christian's God.

Lim Wo went to the kitchen of the house where he worked. A short time afterwards Archie and Clyde, having finished stripping their soap-root bulbs, came home by the same road Lim had taken. The entire block was not occupied by houses, and the two boys could easily run across lots between their home and the house where Lim worked. Seeing that the back door of Lim's kitchen was open, and that only the screen door was shut, the boys ran across to see Lim. Sometimes, as they were neighbors and quiet boys, Lim allowed them to come in and sit down and watch him cook. The boys thought it was 'funny' to see Lim work.

Archie opened the screen door of the kitchen, and looked in. Lim was not there, but there was evidence of his work. It was a warm day, and there was no fire in the cook-stove, as it was not necessary to have a fire for an hour or two yet. Supper came rather late in this household. Instead of the cook-stove, Lim, who had some ironing to do, had lit a small oil-stove of two burners. On top of this he had put his flatirons to heat, while he himself had gone to another part of the house to do some work.

Archie held up his hand in warning to Clyde not to make a noise. Then Archie tiptoed into the kitchen and turned the burners of the little oil stove so as to put it out. The minute the last flicker had died away, Archie slipped out the back door, and he and Clyde ran laughing home. It was the first mischief they had ever done in Lim's kitchen. Somehow it seemed funny to Clyde and Archie to think that when Lim would come back to the kitchen, expecting to find his flatirons quite hot so that he could go to ironing immediately, he would find them cold.

'What do you suppose he will think has happened to his oil-stove?' asked Clyde, laughing.

'I guess he will think he didn't fill the oil-stove with oil this morning, and so it went out,' said Archie.

A while after this, Lim Wo hurried down to the kitchen. The work in the other part of the house had detained him longer than he had expected, but he knew he should find the flatirons hot, and he hoped to do most of the ironing before supper. Lim wanted to get through all of his work so as to be sure to go to a mission school that evening, for there was to be a missionary there who spoke Chinese, and he was to talk to the Chinese about the Jesus religion. The usual teachers could only talk English, and Lim Wo knew that he could understand better than he had yet done, if he could only hear the man who spoke Chinese. Therefore, Lim Wo worked as fast as possible since returning from his errand.

What was Lim Wo's dismay, therefore, on returning to the kitchen, to find that his flatirons were cold and his oil stove unlit! His first thought was that perhaps the wicks of the oil stove had burnt out and new wicks were needed. On investigation, however, he found this was not so. He opened the top of the oil reservoir and peered in. There was oil enough. Why had the stove gone out? Lim looked over the oil stove thoroughly. He did not think of suspecting boys.

'Bad. Velly bad,' said Lim Wo, sorrowfully eyeing his cold flatirons.

He lit the oil stove once more, though he half expected it would go out. It burned well, however, and he replaced the cold flatirons on the top of the oil stove. His investigations had taken time. Before the flatirons became quite hot enough to use, some one in the house called to Lim that it was time to get supper. Supper would come a little earlier than usual to-night, the lady said. So Lim obediently made a fire in the cook stove and got supper, hoping all the time that he could manage to do the ironing and yet go to school. The ironing must be done that evening.

The next morning Archie saw Lim Wo.

'Hallo!' said Archie. 'You learn much at school last night?'

Lim Wo looked very sober.

'No go school las' night,' said Lim. 'Want to go velly much, but no can. Oil stove go out. Stlop all my work. Flatiron all cold. So late when ironing all done, me no go school las' night.'

'Oh, well, I guess you didn't care much, did you?' asked Archie, feeling rather uncomfortable.

'Clare velly much for las' night,' said Lim Wo, sorrowfully. 'Man las' night talk Chinee. Other tleachers no talk Chinee.'

Archie turned away. He had heard of the white missionary who talked Chinese. To think that a little thing like turning out Lim's oil stove should have prevented him from having a chance to hear the gospel in his own language!

'I didn't mean to do so much mischief as that,' Archie thought, uneasily. 'I do hope this won't be the last time that missionary will come around to Lim's school.'

But the missionary had a large district. Week after week went by, and to Archie's enquiries as to whether the missionary had come again to the school, Lim Wo answered 'No.' Lim Wo never seemed to suspect Archie of any past misdeed.

One week during the winter Archie took a heavy cold that kept him home. Lim Wo was sorry, and with his employer's permission sometimes cooked and brought over something for Archie. One day when Lim came to Archie's on such kindly errand, Lim's face was especially happy.

'Man las' night talk Chinee in my school,' said Lim. 'Same man talk Chinee, when I no go, long time ago. Talk about Jesus. Talk long time with me las' night. Me tly be Clistian now.'

'I'm glad, Lim,' said Archie's mother.

Archie looked down at the dainty piece of chicken Lim had brought.

'Oh, Lim,' confessed Archie, 'if it hadn't been for me you might have heard that man the other time!'

Archie explained about the turning out of the oil-stove. Lim looked grave.

'Never min',' said Lim gently. 'Las' night I hear him.'

Archie looked out of the window as Lim went away.

'I'm so glad Lim had another chance to hear that missionary!' said Archie. 'I didn't suppose putting out that oil-stove was going to be such a hindrance.'

'You might have hindered Lim's soul,' answered his mother. 'We never can tell, Archie, how far what looks like a little wrong-doing will reach.'—'The Standard.'

The Missionary Box We Never Sent.

(By Sallie V. Du Bois.)

Word came to us of the great destitution in Dakota, and our pastor read the notice from the pulpit with a sort of injunction that it was our duty to help 'em. I looked at Sister Brown, and she sort of nodded her head, as much as to say that she would do what she could. Sister Gray looked over at me and I nodded my head, too, though I didn't give it a very brisk nod. After the service the pastor came down, and said he, 'Sisters, suppose you send 'em a box?' I liked that idea, and I said so. I thought we could fix 'em up a box without it costing much money, though I kept that to myself. The other sisters all agreed that that would be a first-rate method, and I invited 'em to meet at our house in two weeks' time to have the box-packing.

My husband is a funeral director, and we just manage to get along fairly well. Sometimes, when the season is unhealthy, we can lay by a little money, but generally it is from hand to mouth with us. Of course, I couldn't be expected to give much. Says I, 'Maybe the sisters will consider my straitened circumstances and give a little something extra for me.' The pastor out in Dakota, I had heard my pastor say, was a very tidy man, and his wife was delicate, too. I could fix 'em up a few things without much cost. So I made him a very pretty penwiper, cutting it in the shape of a cat, with shoe buttons for eyes. His wife, I had heard say, had a good deal of taste for the fine arts in her younger days, so I made her three paper owls and perched 'em in a row on a twig. They looked awful pretty when I got 'em done. My husband, who came in just as I

finished 'em, wanted to know what on earth they were, anyhow. John's business is a lowly one, and he ain't had much time to cultivate his taste.

When the day of the box-packing arrived it was raining some. It was not raining much, however,—not enough to keep anybody home from a box-packing, a surprise party or a public sale. It might make 'em hesitate a little, maybe, if it was a temperance meeting or Sunday morning, and they were about starting for the service. John made us a box to pack the goods in, and the pastor was about to pay the expressage for his share. I set my paper owls on the side of the box in as graceful a way as I could, with the pen-wiper by 'em, and then I sat down to wait for the folks to come. The first to arrive was Aunt Jemimah Jones, and she just stood in the door and looked at my owls. I fancied she looked a little bit envious, but maybe I'm mistaken. She brought as her portion six iron holders and her daughter's last summer hat. I didn't say nothing, but I see she had taken the flowers from off the hat and removed most of the ribbon, which left it looking sort of bare. Mrs. Lawyer Black arrived next. She is rich and we expected something pretty fine from her. We felt a little disappointed when she undid a paper and disclosed a china vase and two plaster of paris cats.

And they kept a coming in and a piling their things around my room, and, bless your heart, there wasn't a useful one among 'em all.

I guess everybody thought like I did, that they would just give something that didn't cost 'em nothing, and let somebody else spend the money.

John said if I'd call him when we got the things all in the box he'd come in and nail it up for us, but we just stood a looking at 'em and didn't seem to know what to do. 'Here comes the Widow Smith,' said I, 'she's late.' The widow washes for a living, and she ain't got much time to attend any meetings but the Sunday ones.

'Sisters,' she cried, catching her breath as she spoke, 'I ain't too late, am I? I hadn't time to make nothing for the box, but while you've been doing that I've been earning a little money for 'em. Just slip this down between the folds of something; it's got a five-dollar bill into it,' and she handed out a little leather purse.

I hadn't called John nor nothing, but I guess he thought it was about time he was needed, so he just came in—and as John came in the back door the pastor came in the front door, and there they stood a eyeing them things. I confess I never felt so ashamed in all my life. I made a grab at the owls, but concluded to let 'em be since everybody had seen 'em. The pastor didn't say nothing, but John laughed till he couldn't stand. Then Mrs. Lawyer Black spoke up: 'I think we have made a mistake,' she said. 'We cannot know the wants of those Dakota sufferers, and our gifts may be useless. I think if we send the present ones they are likely to be,' she added, with a sly twinkle in her eyes. 'I move that we send 'em money instead. The Widow Smith brings her offering to-day of five dollars, and I will add fifty more to it.' Then there was a deep silence, such as makes itself felt. I looked at John, and he nodded his head. 'I'll give ten more,' I said.

And so it followed till everybody present had made an offering in money, some more, some less, till counted up it amounted to two hundred and five dollars. I never see anyone so pleased like our pastor was. 'May the dear Lord reward you,' he said.

And I said to John that night I hoped the Lord would hold in remembrance what we had actually sent, and blot out forever his remembrance of the missionary box that came so near disgracing us all.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

How Susie Helped.

(N. Y. 'Observer.')

'I wonder what I can do to help in the revival?' Susie Martin has asked herself a number of times after extra services began in the church.

She had asked her Aunt Rebecca the same question, and the answer was 'that little girls were not expected to help very much in a revival,' which was not a satisfactory one to Susie.

'But Mr. Benton said that every one could help in some way, and if all tried, there would certainly be a revival. I am sure that our pastor means just what he says,' and there was a perplexed look on Susie's face.

But Aunt Rebecca who was a very busy woman did not take time to even think how Susie could help in the revival work, and so the little girl began to think for herself very earnestly.

'If I could only sing, I would help in that way,' and just a little shadow came over her face, as she thought how rough her voice sounded even in her own ears. 'If I was only a little larger, there are many things that I could do to help. I could speak for Jesus when there was an opportunity given; I could go about the town and ask my young friends to attend church, and to give their hearts to the Saviour, but I am so little they might think that I was out of my place if I should attempt to do such things now.'

So Susie was undecided as to what her work could be, for two or three days after the meetings had been in progress.

One night the pastor said that he wished that all would be on time, when each service should begin, as promptness was a necessity in a revival meeting. Then he requested all the church members that wished to help in the revival to occupy the front seats and thus be in readiness for work. Susie went with the rest to the front pews, and then it came to her clearly that she was in the line of duty, by doing as the good pastor requested all to do.

Every night she took her place in the same pew, and was very careful to be on time. Then she tried to be reverent and thoughtful, thinking that she could at least set a good example for some of the little girls who were careless in their manner of behavior in church.

The special services went on night after night, and many came to the altar as seekers after Christ. The revival was a real success, judging by the way that Christians worked for the welfare of others. Many professed Christ and began to live the life of faith in him. Susie was very glad that such good work had been done, and glad that she had tried to be prompt and reverent, and always in her place, but how much these things counted she did not know. Sometimes she was a little sorrowful to think that she was not sure of helping very much. When the meetings were about to close Mr. Benton thanked all the Christian workers for the help that he had received during the special meetings. During his remarks he said: 'Even the children have helped by their presence, and I have been cheered and inspired by their bright attentive faces.'

He looked directly at Susie when he said this, and the little girl felt her heart beat very fast. She knew that she was one of the children at least who had helped him and this knowledge made her happy.

After the services the pastor as he shook hands with her, said in a low voice: 'I meant you.'

An old man who had been among those to accept Christ just then pushed his way up to Susie and said: 'I want to shake hands with this little girl, for it was seeing how thoughtful and reverent she was that first caused me to think that I, too, ought to be respectful in God's house, and it came to me that I must be a Christian and become like a child, or I could not enter into heaven.'

Susie felt very grateful and happy that moment, and she could not even answer the man who went away saying 'God bless you, little girl.'

So Susie was conscious of the fact at last that she had helped in the revival, and for this she thanked God.—Mrs. M. A. Holt.

Wonderful Lenses.

In 1843 a petty accident happened at Phillips's Academy, Andover, Mass. A dinner-bell was broken, and the pieces of metal carelessly thrown away. A student of more than average thoughtfulness picked up the pieces and carried them home. He put them in a crucible in the kitchen stove, and mentioned to his family the apparently unimportant circumstance that he was going to make a telescope.

His father did not discourage the aspiring boy, and became interested in his purpose, and gave his own trained genius to the accurate shaping and polishing of his son's reflector.

Thus, an accident to a dinner bell was of value to science, for the boy astronomer became the head of a firm that makes the greatest refracting telescopes in the world.

Years passed. New systems and suns, new planets and satellites had been discovered. Great observatories had been built, when a group of Harvard students found themselves one day inspecting the unassuming shops in which were made the instruments by means of which these wonderful discoveries had become possible.

They were a rollicking lot of boys, just crossing the outer threshold of science. They stood, half carelessly, before a huge lens, forty inches in diameter and nearly a foot thick. The maker pointed to it with pride, but cautioned his visitors not to touch it.

'How long did it take the glass-workers to make this disk ready for polishing? Six months?' A student asked the question as though he himself were giving the information.

'It took four years,' said the telescope-maker, quietly. 'The workmen failed many times before they succeeded.'

The boys uttered exclamations of surprise.

'And how long will it take to polish it?' asked another.

'Two years. This forty-inch lens has a fifty-foot focus. That is, it must catch the rays of a star upon every point of its surface, and refract them to a common point exactly fifty feet away. If one ray falls but the breath of a hair from the focal point, the glass is defective.'

'But how can you do it?' said one of the group, sobered by the thought of such a problem.

'With patience and without machinery,' replied the lens-maker. 'It is all done with the trained eye and a deft hand. A dab of beeswax here, a bit of rouge there, or the pressure of the thumb on the defective spot—that is all.'

'Thumb?' exclaimed the thoughtful student. 'Can you wear that flinty glass down with the bare thumb'?

The maker of the lenses, seeing that the student was the one in twelve—the earnest

boy—the real seeker after truth—took him into another room, and walking up to a table showed him a lens that had been laid aside. Then the master gave the tempered glass a few sharp rubs with the thick of his thumb.

'If that had been a perfect lens,' he said, with an authoritative smile, 'those rubs would have changed its shape enough to ruin it, perhaps beyond remedy.'

The heart of the telescope and the heart of man have many points in common. It takes years of toil and patience to perfect either. Which needs the finer polishing, the lens or the soul? The one is made to reflect the stars; the other, God himself. Spiritual and scientific laws are not so far apart after all; and perhaps this incident of the wonderful lens will help us to realize the sensitiveness of our own hearts to benign and malign pressure.—'Youth's Companion.'

The Possibilities of a Penny.

(For Missionary Collectors.)

A penny each all round, new and fresh from the mint. That was what Miss Facey gave to her class one Sunday afternoon, or rather entrusted to them, to trade with and see what it would produce in six months for the missionary cause.

It was quite a new idea to the girls, and had provoked a good deal of merriment at first. To think of them all starting as business folks with the ridiculously small capital of one penny! But they soon saw that the teacher was in earnest, and would have them accept it as a trust to be used for Christ; the motive, love and pity for the dark lives shut out from his light, the method such as he could approve, and which would bring the best return for his service.

So away they went, eleven bright young girls, penny in hand, for one out of the twelve had refused to take it, afraid to risk the 'Coin of the Kingdom,' as Miss Facey had called it—like the slothful servant of old, who was afraid, and hid his lord's money in a napkin.

Many a point was discussed, as they walked away together, as to what could or could not be done with the money, and how to make a good start. Many a guess was made at the probable results, and many a prayer offered before the day was over that the penny might be used to good purpose, and grow exceedingly in the Master's hands.

. . . . . .

Six months soon passed; Christmas had gone by, and New Year had dawned when the missionary traders met again. This time they assembled in Miss Facey's cosy parlor, for a cup of tea, and after that to give an account of their stewardship.

As this is a true story, it must be told that there were two defaulters who failed to rise when their names were called, and had simply dropped their pennies into the missionary box.

But these were the exceptions, for one by one, as the names were read out in alphabetical order, the faithful ones told the tale of their six months' trading and its results. No two had gone to work in the same way. Thus every story was full of fresh interest, and an occasional outburst of applause was heard when a specially good sum was laid on the table.

Number One had bought a fine apple, baked it with a little sugar, and found a ready customer at two pence. With double capital three more apples were bought, and sold for sixpence. The process repeated so long as the demand continued resulted in a net gain of two shillings and ninepence.

Number Two had gone to work as a gardener, with a penny packet of flower seeds. Carefully tended they had produced twelve little plants; which, when in flower, were sold in pots for fourpence each. Three shillings and eightpence was handed in as net profit.

Number Three, a quiet girl, fond of her needle, told of what she had done with a piece of perforated cardboard worked from a bundle of tangled silks which had been given her. From a threepenny bookmark she had advanced to a shilling music-roll, a set of napkin rings and other useful articles. Total profit, seven shillings and sixpence.

Number Four united toil with trading, and called forth no little applause by handing in five shillings as the result of boot cleaning. In the house of business where she lived, the girls were expected to clean their own boots, and starting with a penny packet of blacking, this industrious trader had made a good profit at a penny a pair.

Number Five had added a little to her trading capital, and invested in sugar and butter for toffee-making and brandy balls, in penny packets; these were soon disposed of amongst the school boys and girls on Saturday afternoon, and, continued every week, with the addition of cake and gingerbread, this prosperous trader had reached the grand total of twenty-seven shillings profit!

Loud cheering followed this announcement, Even the teacher, who was in the secret, had not expected so large a sum. She had encouraging words to say to all, and now proposed that they should rise and sing, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

Perhaps those who came after felt a little shy at their smaller results, but in many cases there was just as much cause for praise even with the less sum to hand in, because of hard work and little time for trading. One had bought a fern for a penny and sold it when grown for a shilling.

Another, starting with a penny lemon, had made lemonade in the hot weather, and sold it at a penny a glass, and had one shilling and sixpence for the missionary fund. Babies' pinafores, made from cheap remnants of print and muslin bought at the 'sales,' realized three shillings and sixpence, whilst many a penny had been laid out first in wool for babies' boots, cuffs, and finally in larger articles, such as shawls and comforters.

When all the young stewards had rendered their accounts, and the money was counted, it was found that nearly three pounds had been realized for the glorious missionary cause. Nothing stimulates like success, and we shall not be surprised to hear that a second year's effort has produced even greater results.—'S. S. Chronicle.'

A Strange But True Story.

(By Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness.)

A wealthy farmer, who cultivated some thousands of acres, had by his benevolence endeared himself greatly to his large staff of laborers. He had occasion to leave the country in which his property was situated for some years, but before doing so he gave his people clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all unreclaimed moor and marsh lands to be inclosed and drained and brought into cultivation; that even the hills were to be terraced, and the poor mountain pastures manured so that no single corner of the estate should remain neglected and barren. Ample resources were left for the execution of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called, very many years. Those whom he left children were men and women when he came back and so the number of his tenantry and laborers had vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas! No. Bog and moor and mountain waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine, rich virgin soil, by thousands of acres, was bearing only briars and thistles. Meadow after meadow utterly barren for want of culture. Nay, by far the larger part of the farm seemed never to have been visited by his servants.

Had they been idle? Some had. But large numbers had been industrious enough. They had expended a vast amount of labor, and skilled labor, too; but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other because the operations of one interfered with those of his neighbor. And a vast amount of labor had been 'lost,' in sowing the very same patch, for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season, so that the seed never had time to germinate and bear fruit; in caring for the forest trees as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet.

The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity, with which labor and soil and manure, skill and time and strength had been wasted for 'no results. The very same amount of toil and capital, 'expended according to his directions,' would have brought the whole demesne into culture and yielded a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving these unbounded acres of various, but all reclaimable, soils barren and useless; and as to the park it would have been far more productive and perfect had it been relieved of the extraordinary and unaccountable amount of energy expended on it.

Why did these laborers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labor in vain? On the contrary, they were forever craving for fruit—coveting good crops, looking for great results.

Did they not wish to carry out the farmers' view about his property? Well, they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote, and said continually to each other, 'You know we have to bring the whole property into order.' But they did not do it. Some few tried and ploughed up a little plot here and there, and sowed corn and other crops. Perhaps these failed and so the rest got discouraged? Oh, no! They saw the yield was magnificent, far richer in proportion than they got themselves. They clearly perceived that, but they failed to follow a good example. Nay, when the labors of a few in some distant valley had resulted in a crop they were all unable to gather in by themselves, the others would not even go and help them to bring home the sheaves. They preferred watching for weeds among the roses, in the over-crowded garden, and counting the blades of grass in the park, and the leaves on the trees.

Then they were fools, surely, not wise men—traitors, not true servants to their Lord. Ah, I can't tell! You must ask him that. I only know their Master said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' and that more than 1,800 years afterwards they had not even mentioned that there was a Gospel to one-half of the world.—'Regions Beyond.'

A Brave Soldier.

It was a great field-day; a certain royal gentleman with his noble friends were to review the troops, and each regiment in the garrison must appear in its finest war-paint in honor of the occasion. Archie Fyfe was a private in a fine Highland corps; he was tall, and good-looking, and he always carried himself in good soldierly fashion, making the officers look approvingly at

him as he passed before them, the 'flank man' of one of the ranks that stepped so proudly.

Never had they borne themselves so grandly as to-day. All the brave hundreds moved as one man, in perfect order and prompt obedience, that showed training and discipline, yet—just as a deep-throated 'Halt!' rang out, and all the other men stood like carved marble, Archie Fyfe, the most conspicuous man of his file, bounded off suddenly, with a wild gesture, that had never been taught him by his drill-sergeant. It was all done in a single instant; the colonel's beautiful little golden-haired girlie of five, had somehow dropped her big bounding ball.

A frolicsome dog caught it in his teeth and scoured off like the wind, just for pure fun. With a cry of—

'Oh, my bounder ! my bounder!' the little one sprang forward in pursuit, and never saw that a horseman bearing an important message to the colonel, was galloping swiftly up the field, and was almost upon her. The man could not rein back — the horse even, with a terrified snort, could only poise his hoofs in air for a fleeting moment, when Archie Fyfe dashed under them, and past them, snatching the child into safety by the very skin of her teeth. Instead of the reprimand the young solder expected for breach of discipline, a ringing cheer arose from the great assembled multitudes, as the colonel rode out with a pale face, and shook hands with the brave young man who had rescued his child from all but certain death. Even the great personage in whose honor they were called out, said something kind and flattering about the 'brave promptitude' he had shown, and when they adjourned to the great white tent for luncheon, the young soldier was invited to accompany them. He felt a little shy and uncomfortable in so large and brilliant an assemblage, but he conducted himself with modest quietness. Suddenly the colonel's voice came to his ear—

'Fill Fyfe's glass, Manson. Now, gentlemen, we shall drink to the health of His Royal Highness—'

He went on to make a little speech about the prince, but the words buzzed wildly in Archie's ears. Drink a health! The whole thing was hateful to him, but — how dared he refuse ! Quick as thought he filled a tumbler with water, but the officer next to him seized and carried it off playfully.

'No, no, Fyfe,' he said pleasantly. 'No milksops here! Wine, or nothing!'

They were lifting their glasses, the word was given. Archie stood up with the rest, but his hands were empty—his face scarlet.

'Where is your glass, Fyfe?' said the colonel's voice, and his eye looked severe. Archie tried to escape by muttering something, but the waggish officer beside him said laughingly—

'Can't do this evil thing, colonel, and sin against my principles, sir! We are all wrong!'

Something of a silence fell upon the company, and all eyes were bent on Archie's troubled face.

'Surely no one here will refuse to drink His Highness's health?' said the colonel, coldly. 'Take up your glass, Fyfe—don't make any fuss—obey!'

Poor Archie ! The fun-loving, heartless young man beside him kept the water resolutely out of his reach.

'Then leave the company of gentlemen,' said the officer severely. Archie obeyed that command at once, and went out followed by some foolish remarks about 'setting beggars on horseback,' from some of the juniors who had been annoyed by the favor shown him.

He was on 'sentry-go' that evening. The measured walk and fresh evening air soothed him. He had reached the sentry-box, and was

turning to pace with measured tread to the other end of his walk, when two gentlemen walked up to him, and he stood and presented arms, for it was the colonel and His Royal Highness himself.

'Now, Fyfe,' said his commanding officer, 'you owe me an explanation. Why did you refuse to obey my command?'

'I will tell you, sir,' he said in a low voice. 'I lost two good places through drink; drink brought me here, and I promised my mother when I 'listed that I never would touch or taste or handle drink again. I dare not do it, sir!'

The two gentlemen looked at each other with a smile.

'I told you,' said the prince, He did a braver thing in disobeying you than in rescuing your little treasure! My good fellow, you shall be promoted — you deserve it. Keep to your principles. Shake hands. The country needs just such men as you, to say "no" to temptation. Give this to your mother from me. She is a good mother who has trained up so brave a son. Good-night!' —'Adviser.'

Called Home.

I want to tell you about one dear little girl who has just lately been taken away from us, and, I am quite sure, has gone to be with Christ.

She was one of my most regular and attentive scholars, and learnt so quickly, knowing much more than many of the older children. She had such a funny, sober little face, but often have I seen it light up with smiles and gladness when I was telling them some of the beautiful Bible-stories about Jesus. After her death I went to see her mother. Dear little Wajuma's little body was lying on a bedstead covered over with a cloth, and her face looked so peaceful, just as if she were asleep and having pleasant dreams. There were numbers of people in the little hut, relations and friends of the mother, but they were all so nice and quiet. In the Mohammedan homes, you know, when any one dies they make a terrible noise, sobbing and wailing and making a great show of grief, which it is very sad to hear; but these people were quite quiet. The poor mother was sitting on the ground, crying to herself. I talked to them a little about the Home to which little Wajuma had gone, and how we, too, might go there if we loved and trusted the Lord Jesus Christ as she did.

A few days after I went again to see the poor woman, and she told me about the little girl. She said that every day Wajuma went home and told her what she had been learning in school. She was specially fond of singing the hymns, and knew a great many by heart. One of the last I had taught them was a special favorite of hers. I think it is one we all love,

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night.

Very often, said her mother, when it grew dusk she would sit on the floor and sing that hymn, beating time with her little hand, just as she saw me do in school. And she would always say a grace before she took her food, and never lay down to sleep without kneeling upon the bed and saying 'Our Father.' Dear little girl, she had taken in what I had taught her, though she was so young—only about five or six years old, perhaps not so much.

Little Wajuma never had the privilege of being a member of the Church of Christ on earth, for she was never baptized; but we may be quite sure that she is one of those children who stand 'around the Throne of God in Heaven.' Let us thank God for her, and pray that others, too, may learn to know and love Jesus Christ.—Mrs. Pigott of East Africa in 'The Children's World.'

Mother's Birthday.

Mother's birthday! Weeks before
  Secrets fill the air,
Father and the little girls
  Whispering on the stair.

In the garret's dim recess,
  Farthest from the light,
There they hid the treasures small
  Out of mother's sight.

Even baby has a gift,
  Just a little flower;
Hardly can the children wait
  Till the breakfast hour.

One by one they offer them;
  Mother's eyes o'erflow
As she sees what each has brought,
  ''Cause we love you so.'

All the day the children smile,
  Not a cross word say;
Mother says that this is why
  'Tis a happy day.
—'Our Darlings.'

Little Sleepy Heads.

Out on the pond no water lilies lay white on its surface. But look close! There on their stems are the dandelions, folded in green wrappers. The morning glories are twisted into tight little rolls. The water lilies have shut up their white cups, and have drawn down under the water. Why is this? Are the plants tired?

My dears, when you go to sleep at night, not only do the birds and the little and big animals do the same, but the flowers fall asleep, too. The birds put their little heads under their wings, and the flowers fold themselves up close and go to sleep. If you go out of doors at sunset and look for dandelions, you will not find any. And if you search for the bright, lovely morning glories, they will be gone, too.

And what about the leaves, do they sleep, too? Yes. Some leaves fold themselves together flat; others drop back against their stem when they go to sleep The clover plants and their leaves sleep by falling back, like a closed umbrella; the small-leaved sorrel sleeps by closing its leaves together in a bunch.

Are the flowers and leaves tired, do you ask? Not in the same way that you are tired, but when they are closed up in this way they do not grow so fast, and so can last longer, and ripen more slowly. The plants need rest in their way, just as you need rest in your way, so God has made them very sensitive to changes in light. And when the day begins to decline they close up and fall asleep.

Some plants, such as the evening primrose, sleep all day and wake up at night.

But the plants and the leaves that sleep at night have each their own time for 'waking up.' The morning glories wake very early, the dandelions and lilies a little later, while some plants wake at noon. But others sleep until midday, and even later.—Julia McNair Wright, in 'Sunbeam.'

The world is a looking-glass,
  Wherein ourselves are shown,
Kindness for kindness, cheer for
  cheer,
Coldness for gloom, repulse for
  fear,
To every soul its own.
We cannot change the world a
  whit,
Only ourselves which look into it.
—Susan Coolidge.

Temperance Cathechism.

ALCOHOL.

1. Q.—How can we get the alcohol by itself from fermented drinks?

A.—We boil them and collect the steam, which has alcohol in it.

2. Q.—How does it look?

A.—It is a fluid, and it looks like water.

(Teacher may show it.)

3. Q.—How can we easily show that it is not water?

A.—It will burn if we set fire to it.

(Teacher may burn some on a plate.)

4. Q.—Is it good to drink?

A.—It is a very strong poison and it kills a great many people.

5. Q.—How do people drink it?

A.—They take it mixed with water.

6. Q. What drinks are made in this way?

A.—Rum, gin, brandy, and whiskey.

7. Q.—Is there much alcohol in them?

A.—They are about half alcohol and half water.

8. Q.—What makes the dark color of brandy?

(Show brandy and burn it.)

A.—It is colored with burnt sugar.

9. Q.—What common name is given to these strong drinks?

A.—They are called distilled liquors.

—Catechism by Julia Colman, (National Temperance Society.)

Stonewall Jackson's Foe.

'About daylight of the day before the second battle of Manasses' (in the United States Civil War), said a Confederate officer at a recent reunion of the blue and the grey, 'I was ordered to report to General T. J. Jackson, with a detail of a hundred men, for special orders. I went at once to headquarters and presented myself and the orders I had received. General Jackson came out, and beckoning me to follow him, rode some fifty yards from his staff, and then turned to me and halted.

'"Captain, do you ever use liquor?" he asked.

'"No, sir," I replied.

'A smile lit up his rugged face as he said, "I sent for a special detail of one hundred men under command of an officer who never used spirituous liquor. Are you that man?"

'"Yes, sir," I said, "I was detailed on that account."

'"Well, then," he continued "I have an order to give, upon the execution of which depends the success of the present movement and the result of the battle soon to be fought."

'"If to keep sober is all that is needed, general, you may depend upon me," I said.

'"No," he answered, "that is not all; but unless you can resist temptation to drink, you cannot carry out my orders. Do you see that warehouse over there?" pointing to a large building a little way off. "Take your command up to that depot, have the barrels of bread rolled out and sent down the railroad track so that my men can get it as they pass, and then take your picked men into the building and spill all the liquor there; don't spare a drop, nor let any man taste it under any circumstances. This order I expect you to execute at any cost."

He turned and was about to ride back to his staff when I called hastily:

'"One moment, general! Suppose an officer of superior rank should order me under arrest, and then gain possession of the warehouse?"

'Coming up close to me and looking me through and through, as it seemed to me, he said, with a look of solemnity that I shall never forget:

'"Until I relieve you in person, you are exempt from arrest except upon my written order. I fear that liquor more than Pope's army," he added, as he rode rapidly away.

'I took my men down to the warehouse which had become so important, and threw a guard around it, placing five men at each entrance, with orders neither to allow anyone to enter, nor to enter themselves.

'The next thing was to roll out the bread, which we did. Just as we were finishing that task, I was called to one of the entrances, to find a general officer with his staff, demanding that the guards should either allow him to enter, or bring him out some liquor. Of course I refused to comply with the command, upon which he ordered his adjutant to place me under arrest.

'I told him I was there by General Jackson's personal order, and was specially exempt from arrest. He ordered his staff to dismount and enter the warehouse, and I gave my men the order to level their guns and make ready.

'This made the general halt, in spite of his thirst, and hold a consultation with his officers. They concluded to try persuasion, since they could not get what they wanted by force. But they found that method of no more avail than the other. Then they demanded to know my name and what command I belonged to, and threatened to report me for disobedience.

'I should never have yielded, and whether they would have pushed things to an extremity, in their raging desire for liquor, I do not know; but just at that moment General A. P. Hill came galloping up with his staff, and naturally wanted to know what was the trouble. I explained the situation, which the quick-witted general took in at once, and ordered the thirsty squad off.

'"Have you orders to burn the building?" he asked.

'"No," I replied, "I have not."

'Without a word he rode away, and within an hour there came an order from General Jackson to fire the warehouse, and when it was well destroyed to report to him.

'I carried out the order to the letter; not a man got a drink that day; and for that time the foe that Stonewall Jackson most dreaded was vanquished.'—'Alliance News.'

Temperance Sums.

(The writer, having met with helpful arithmetical questions compiled by a Temperance union of teachers, has been led to arrange original calculations for children's meetings, and has found them popular with the young.)

1. A man drinks three pints of ale daily at 6d. a quart; his wife's boots are old and broken. If he saves the price of his beer, in how many days could he buy her a comfortable pair—price 9s.?

(In twelve days.)

And if he still continues abstaining, in how many days would his savings buy his little boy a new overcoat—price 5s. 3d.?

(In seven days.)

2. A man and his wife, who joined the Temperance society, started a missionary-box at home, and saved in twelve weeks the price of a pint of porter daily at 4d a quart, and 8d. of gin every week. In twelve weeks how much did the box contain?

(£1 2s.)

3. A little child wanted to join the Band of Hope excursion, but as the members were going a long way by rail, each had to contribute one shilling. Her big brother only took ale once a day—half a pint at 8d. a quart. He resolved to give it up for a time, and pay for the child's treat. As he felt much fresher and livelier after dinner without the ale, he came to the conclusion he was better off for giving it up! He first did so on a Monday. On what day was he able to hand his sister the shilling?

(On Saturday.)

4. A man joined a musical society which met at a tavern thrice a week; on these occasions he always spent 6d. in brandy and water 'for the good of the house,' as he called it. In this way how much did he lose in sixteen weeks?

(£1 4s.)

And what did he lose beside?

(Time, good digestion, reputation.)

5. A woman (who complained she had not a blanket in the house) managed to buy three bottles of gin in a fornight at 2s. 6d. a bottle; at the draper's there were blankets marked 7s. 6d. a pair. Had she gone without the gin, how many blankets could she have bought in a month?

(Four.)

6. A young man had 18s. weekly wages; 5s. went at the public-house, 3s. in tobacco and cigars, 4s. very often on a Sunday excursion. How much did he allow his mother every week towards buying bread and coal?

(Nothing. That sort of young man is too selfish to think about 'mother.')

7. A rich man gave 176s. for two dozen of champagne, and then grumbled that he could not afford to pay £2 4s., the bill the doctor sent in for attending his sick children. What part of his wine bill did the doctor's account come to?

(One quarter.)

8. This man's sister was a governess in feeble health, sadly needing assistance. Had he gone without the champagne and paid the doctor, how much of the money saved by abstaining would still have been left?

(£6 12s.)

How much could he have allowed his sister out of this every month for a year?

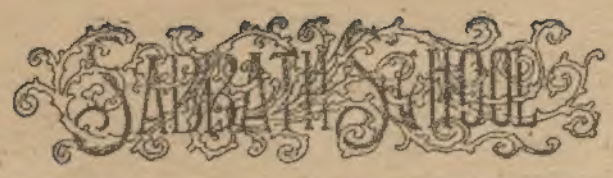
(Eleven shillings.)

Now, I want you all to remember the important rule taught by these Temperance sums—a short rule, but always useful. Leave strong drink alone. We will repeat this good advice in a closing verse together:

Drink means sickness, sloth, and waste;
From its mocking snare depart.
Oh, to join our army haste—
Fight the drink with hand and heart.

—'Band of Hope Review.'

It was a little tin box, which the relative of the family had given to a three-year-old girl in Montreal, and into it she had dropped her first savings. She was looking forward to Christmas, and thinking what beautiful things her pennies would purchase by-and-bye; so one by one she dropped them in, until her bank seemed to her to treasure up untold wealth. One day her father came in. He had been a respectable resident of the city, kind and loving, a good husband, a tender father; but he had looked upon the wine when it was red—he had fallen under the spell and curse of strong drink; and so one day he reached up and took down the little bank. 'Don't take my Kismass money, papa,' pleaded the little child with tears. But in spite of her entreaties the father robbed the little tin bank, and, disregarding the child's tears and cries, he strolled away independent and indifferent. An hour later his heavy-hearted wife found him in a saloon, drunk—drunk on liquor bought with his baby girl's first Christmas money!—'Christian Herald.'



LESSON IX.—May 30.

Christian Faith Leads to Good Works.

James ii., 14-23. Commit vs. 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I will shew thee my faith by my works.'—Jas. ii., 18.

Home Readings.

M. James i., 1-15.—'That ye may be Perfect and Entire.'
T. James i., 16-27.—'Be ye doers of the Word.'
W. James ii., 1-13.—Love is the Royal Law.
Th. James ii., 14-26.—Christian Faith Leads to Good Works.
F. 1 John iii., 1-24.—'He that doeth Righteousness is Righteous.'
S. Col. i., 1-29.—'Being Fruitful in Every Good Work.'
S. Luke vi., 37-49.—The Tree Known by its Fruits.

Lesson Story.

Our lesson is taken from the Epistle of James, the brother of our Lord. This epistle is full of good practical advice and warning against every kind of sham and hypocrisy. 'What doth it profit, though a man say he hath faith?' he asks, and the word 'say' is emphasized to denote the worthlessness of professions which are belied by character. If a man have true faith or love to God that love can not help manifesting itself in kindness to all men. If we see a fellow creature in want and give to him only good wishes, when we have the means ourselves to fulfil those wishes—our sympathy is not real. If a man truly love God he will seek to show his love to man and to treat him as God does. (1 John iii., 16-18; iv., 19-21.)

Abraham believed God but he had to show his trust by implicit obedience. Rahab believed in God but she had to show her belief by kindness to the spies—conduct which would have endangered her life had her people known of it. Faith consists not in words, but in deeds.

Lesson Hymn.

You're longing to work for the Master—
  Yet waiting for something to do;
You think that the future is holding
  Some wonderful mission for you.

But while you are waiting the moments
  Are rapidly passing away;
Oh, brother, awake from thy dreaming!—
  Do something for Jesus to-day.

Go sing happy songs of rejoicing
  With those who no sorrows have known;
Go weep with the heart-broken mourner,
  Go comfort the sad and the lone.

From pitfalls and snares of the tempter
  Go rescue the thoughtless and wild;
Go win from the pale lips a 'God bless you,'
  Go brighten the life of a child.

Be earning your stars of rejoicing
  While earth-life is passing away,
Win some one to meet you in glory,—
  Do something for Jesus to-day.

Lesson Hints.

The Epistle of James should be read through at one sitting and the most striking verses committed to memory. When we receive a letter from a dear friend we hasten to read it through no matter how long it is, and often we read it over and over until almost every word is impressed on our memory. We would not think of laying it on the table and just once in a while reading a line or two of it. If we did not understand it all we would carefully study it or write to the friend for an explanation. Now we may take these letters as written to us and read them with interest; those things which we do not understand we may ask Jesus about, for he has promised us 'another Comforter' who shall teach us all things, (John xiv., 26).

We should know something about the writer of the letter. He was called 'James the Just' on account of his strict impartiality and observance of the law. He was a person of great distinction and influence in the Church, looked up to by all. He was martyred at the age of about sixty-three, by stoning, according to Josephus. Another historian puts his death seven years later, saying that James was thrown from a pinnacle of the temple and despatched with a club while on his knees praying for his enemies. A. D. 69.

'What doth it profit?'—What is the use of saying a thing which your life proves false? 'The devils also believe'—the demons or evil spirits know that there is one God and their faith moves them to evil works. Faith must have some effect, for 'faith without works is dead.' That is, we may have had a living faith to begin with, but if we shut it up in a stony heart it can not grow and bear fruit so it dies away.

Yet this lesson is not meant to teach 'indiscriminate charity,' for as true faith without works is impossible so good works, even 'the best of charities,' are unprofitable without faith. Works without faith are like artificial fruit and flowers tied on to a dead tree to make a fine appearance.

Experience proves that indiscriminate almsgiving leads to great evils. Heavenly wisdom is needed in attempting to help others by gifts lest more harm than good should be done.

Search Questions.

Show how this passage is in perfect harmony with the doctrine of justification by faith.

Primary Lesson.

Do you know what it is to be sincere? Honest, frank, true, hearty and pure are all words that might be used to explain it. If you have a sincere friendship for any one it will have all those qualities. God said to Abraham, 'Walk before me; and be thou sincere,' (Gen. xvii., 1, margin). That meant that he was never to pretend anything to God. If God told him to do anything he must not pretend not to hear or not to understand, for if he did such things he could not be the sincere friend that God wanted, for God hates shams. We cannot hide anything from him, for he knows all things, but he hates to have us try to hide things.

We learn in our lesson to-day 'Abraham believed God,' and 'he was called the Friend of God.' Abraham showed his faith by doing what God told him. We can show our faith and love by being obedient, and if we are sincere and loving, I am sure he will call us, too, his friend, for Jesus said—'Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.'

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'There are lonely hearts,' 'Scatter the sunshine,' 'Faith is the victory,' 'Work for the night is coming,' 'To the work.'

Christian Endeavor Topic.

May 23.—Peace—when to seek it, and how.—Gen. xiii., 5-18.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

May 23.—How can we be true, through and through?—Prov. xii., 5; xvii., 22.

The Infant Class.

The infant class, as a rule, is a large class—large numerically. Every child in the church, as soon as it can walk and talk, is considered a member of this class. And what a variety of little heads and hearts! What opportunities! What a receptive soil! They are all eye and ear. Of course they are a restless and noisy company. Undeveloped, untrained, untaught, often shy and peevish, nevertheless they all are the blessed Saviour's jewels.

But who shall teach the infant class? 'Oh anybody can instruct these innocent know-nothings,' some will say. Slowly, my friend; have you tried it? I have, and found it a tremendous task. I'd rather teach a class of grown-up folks, or a bible-class, even, any day. Some gentlemen may have the necessary qualifications, yet I think they ought to have a lady teacher. Give them probably a young woman yet in her teens; she may be able to control and rightly direct them into the way of God. Perhaps she may, and perhaps not. Some of these young women need a good bit of training yet themselves, which is only too often apparent in the secular schools. Of course there are grand exceptions. The best teacher for the little folks is the mother who understands their needs and ways, who has had more or less experience in the home circle, who can sympathize with them in their troubles and patiently attend to their desires. If the teacher has a separate room it will be a great advantage. Undisturbed she can keep better order and attention and go through the programme for the day. Singing ought to be a principal part of the exercises. Special books are at hand for this purpose. They love to sing.

The lesson chart should not be wanting. Nothing can take the place of a good illustration. The picture takes the child's attention. It makes the lesson plain and impresses it upon the mind. It is simple truths they need, and these they will remember. To do this it takes good preparation on the part of the teacher. In addition to this, the child's paper is a valuable help to keep them interested in the Sunday-school. They somehow look for something when they come to the class. But they should also know, though taught in a separate apartment, that they belong to the school as a whole and should be recognized by the superintendent.

Do not forget the collection. They bring their pennies with a cheerful heart. In this way they are trained for the good work of missions. A word on this line is well spoken. Their sympathy is awakened for the poor heathen and a fire kindled that will in later years have its good results.

In all the exercises, interesting as they may be, tell them above all things the simple story of Jesus. It is he whom they need, and he wants them. They are his. In this way they are led into the fold and the church. If you meet them outside the class-room remember their little eyes always see you. They expect a smile.—'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.'

Winning Souls.

'Mr. Tracy,' I said one Sabbath morning, 'I wish you would speak to Lottie Cameron about coming to Christ. I think she is anxious about her soul.'

'You are mistaken. I gave her an opportunity at the Sunday-school excursion to talk to me, and if she had been interested in religious things she would have said so. We stood along side of each other for some time on the beach at Atlantic City, but Lottie never asked me a single question. You see, I am right, you are entirely mistaken.'

I said no more, but I had to bite my lips to keep back the words. I thought how hard it would have been for the poor ignorant mill girl, who was naturally shy and easily embarrassed to have commenced a conversation about her religious feelings with a cultured wealthy gentleman like Lawyer Tracy, even if he were her Sunday-school teacher. As I turned almost unconsciously, I murmured: 'He that winneth souls is wise.'

I cannot tell you all my efforts to gain Lottie Cameron's confidence, but I succeeded at last, and one Saturday afternoon she said to me:

'O, Miss, I often wished I was good, but no one seemed to care what I did, and now I want so bad to turn round, and I do not know how to go about it.'

Sitting down by her side, I read to her about the early disciples, and then took her to Jesus in prayer, for so it seemed literally to Lottie, for as she rose from her knees she said to me:

'O, Miss, the Lord made me hear him a-calling, "Follow me" all the time you was a-praying; so I jest said, "Yes, I will, right now."'

This was Lottie Cameron's conversion. Years have passed since that Saturday afternoon, but Lottie Cameron, though still poor, is a true and faithful follower of Jesus Christ, and a consistent member of the Church of God. Think you that Christ would have let one of his little lambs perish, because they did not know how to find him?—From a Worker's Note Book.

HOUSEHOLD.

Ellen's House.

(By Susan Teall Perry.)

'I never go into Ellen's house but that I think of the story that little girl told about her friend's family being very rich folks. They were so rich, she said, that every chair had something in it, so that there was no place to sit down.'

This was what Aunt Jerusha Barnes said, as she came into her sister's sitting room and took off her wraps.

'It does beat all,' replied Aunt Jerusha's sister, 'that Ellen is so disorderly. One would think with her education that she would have learned heaven's first law—that or order. And Ellen is such a really good, true woman, too, one always has a nice time visiting her, only that she will work around all day in a peck measure and keep everything at sixes and sevens.'

'Is it not strange that Walter should have fallen in love with her when he is the very personification of order, sister?'

'Don't you know what Shakespeare says, Jerusha?

"Why did he love her? Curious fool, be still.
Is human love the growth of human will?"

Besides, the old saw says that people are quite apt to marry their opposites. But I do wish Ellen was different. Walter would certainly be much happier. He takes good care to look after his own belongings, though, and keep them in their proper places. Ellen says she never thinks of looking after his clothes. He keeps one closet for his garments, and certain bureau drawers for his neckties, handkerchiefs and collars and cuffs, etc. Ellen laughingly told me that she had been absolutely forbidden to touch anything that he had put away, and yet she evidently took great pride in showing these orderly places to me.'

'It must annoy an orderly person to live with a disorderly one, Jerusha. If Walter never says anything relative to Ellen's ways of housekeeping, yet I know he cannot help being made uncomfortable by them.'

'One day when Ellen had a headache I went through that house and picked up and hung up and arranged things in order, and when Walter came home he looked around and said, "I guess you have been at work here, Aunt Jerusha." Ellen herself said, "How very nicely the house looks;" but the very next day it was all in a state of agitation again, and Ellen going about asking if anybody had seen this or that—she loses so much time hunting after things she misplaces. Oh, dear, I do wish for her own sake and Walter's that she would overcome this one great fault of hers.'

Just as the two sisters arrived at that point in the conversation, a boy came up the steps with a telegram for Aunt Jerusha. She was not in the habit of getting telegrams; indeed, she had never had but two before in her whole life, and she was 'all of a tremble,' as she told her sister. These were the words she read as she opened the yellow envelope:—

'Do come to us at once. Ellen is very ill. WALTER.

That night Aunt Jerusha was unpacking her grip in Ellen's home, tip-toeing about the room as she put the contents away. Ellen was very ill, and dear, good, faithful Aunt Jerusha devoted her time and strength for a number of days to trying to bring a restoration. In her own home she kept rolls of flannel and old linen and things needed to be found quickly, just where she could put her hands on them in case of need, but Ellen had never thought of these requisites, and a messenger was despatched here, and another one there, among the neighbors to get the little things that are absolutely necessary in every sick room.

Recovery was slow, and in the meantime Aunt Jerusha had found the right places for everything in Ellen's house, and when the invalid was able to go about it once more her first remarks were relative to the beautiful order of all the household gods.

'They do look so contented in their new positions, auntie,' said Ellen. 'I read an article once, on the "Perversity" of inanimate things," but I believe a great deal of their perversity comes from not being well treated and respect shown them by those who have them in their keeping. I am going to begin now to keep my house in order. Poor Walter! how often I must have tried him with my careless ways, and yet he has been so sweet and patient with me. And dear mamma, how I used to try her when I was at home! I don't know why I have been so unmindful of my great fault. I am going to take my own training in hand, and make myself obey the laws of order.'

Aunt Jerusha stayed with her niece until she was entirely well and strong, and with her able advice and example Ellen did become an orderly housekeeper, and found her work was not half so hard after she had got in the way of putting everything where it belonged at the proper time.

After Aunt Jerusha's second visit, she said, 'Sister, I do wish you could go through Ellen's house now; it is always in such perfect order.'—'Christian Work.'

Small Courtesies.

One evening last week I entered a room where several young people, with books and work, were sitting around the lamp. The young man with the lexicon and the grammar on the table before him was the busiest of the group, but he instantly arose and remained standing until I had taken my seat. The little action was automatic; the habit of this family is to practise small courtesies, and the boys have been trained from childhood to pay deference to a woman. They always rise whenever a lady, their mother, sister, friend or the guest of the house, comes into the room where they are at work; they place chairs gallantly and gracefully for ladies at the dinner table, and take off their hats when they meet their mother on the street, and never kiss her with a hat on; in saying good morning or good evening to her it is hat in hand. Her bundles are carried, her way is made easy, a beautiful politeness waits for her word in the domestic discussions, and refrains from interrupting her even in the most heated argument. Neither mother nor sister goes out after dark without an escort. One of the boys can always go out of his way, or find it in his way, to see her safely to a friend's door, or to the meeting which she wishes to attend. Most winning and sweet is the air of good breeding which these young men have acquired, which they wear with an unconscious grace.

Equally charming are the manners of the girls in the home I speak of; gentle, soft-spoken, appreciative, considerate, reverential. To old people they are tender, to children kind, to each other lovely.

One cannot too sedulously look after the small courtesies in one's conduct, and, if one be charged with the management of the household, in the accustomed ways of the family. Habits count for everything here, and example is better than precept.—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Interior.'

Be Systematic.

How often the tired housekeeper says at night: 'Had I only thought and planned my work for to-day before going about it, I might have saved myself a good deal of unnecessary trouble and inconvenience.' I once knew a lady who could cook excellently well, but owing to a negligent habit of not planning ahead and knowing what her duties in the kitchen were to be for the day, there was constant and inevitable delay, as first one ingredient would be found wanting, and then another. It was a fact that the close of the day would often find the lady completely tired out, not really so much from the work she had done as from the worry and wearisome waiting brought about by her own foolish want of thought. Wordsworth speaks of 'A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules,' and that is a combination that would prove very helpful in the ordering of household affairs. The first nearly every one possesses, the latter every one, and especially the housekeeper, needs. There is a vast difference between a prearranged, quiet, but assured way of taking up the day's duties, and a fussy, bustling manner suggestive of having laid out a certain course that neither time, nor tide, the wishes or convenience of others can for an instant influence or turn aside.—'Christian Work.'

Selected Recipes.

('American Kitchen Magazine.')

Apple Farina.—Into one pint of boiling water, salted, stir one-quarter cupful farina. As soon as thickened slice in two good-sized apples, and cook for half an hour or till the apples are soft. This may be molded and served with whipped cream as a desert.

Cream Rice.—Measure milk enough to nearly fill a buttered pudding dish. For each cupful of milk add one tablespoonful of rice well washed and one tablespoonful of sugar. Flavor with salt and nutmeg or cinnamon. Bake slowly, stirring occasionally, until the rice is soft and has absorbed nearly all the milk.

Mush Balls.—Season one pint of mush left from breakfast with more salt, if needed, a dash of pepper and a few drops of onion juice. Shape in small balls, dip in melted fat and bake in a hot oven. Or roll in egg and crumbs and brown in hot fat. Serve with meat in place of potato.

Rice Timbals.—Pick over and wash one cupful of rice and boil in a large quantity of salted water until nearly tender. Drain thoroughly and put in a double boiler with one cupful of tomato or curry sauce. Let it cook gently till the sauce is absorbed, ten to twenty minutes, then pack in timbal moulds and keep in a warm place until ready to serve. Curry Sauce—Make like a white sauce, adding one teaspoonful or more of curry powder to the butter and flour before putting in the stock or milk.

Compote of Apples.—Make a syrup with one cupful each of sugar and water. Flavor with a bit of lemon peel or cinnamon bark if the apples require it. Core and pare medium-sized apples, without cutting up, and cook them whole in the syrup, turning over occasionally. When soft, drain, and fill the centres with a bright jelly, crabapple or currant. Serve with cereals or tapioca, or cut out more of the centre before stirring, and when cooked fill with cereal and serve hot.

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